Volume I, Issue #4
Jan/Feb 1997

I'd Buy that for a dollar!



It does not say sex in the cheese

D'I YUB HATT OFR X LARDO!
I'D BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR

| Volume I, Issue 4 | January/February 1997 |

NOSTALGIA & IHOP?:

I've been frequenting IHOP again lately. Yes, I know. IHOP. We all hate it. We all loathe it. After I had discovered that briefly popular yet not-very-successful Downtown Cafe (now re-named Sandinos... for old school Eugeners, this could be the return to a new age... but that's another story), I swore to never return. But midnight coffee will always draw you back, eventually. It's like a magnet... or maybe just a bad habit.

I tried to avoid it. IHOP is the worst coffee house in Eugene. Period. There is an hour limit. The food is always expensive and the specials always run out the minute you sit down. Not only that, but the smoking section is so small that one could spend an entire night sitting in the non-smoking section (smoking in shifts outside) before you even get looked at by the waitress. And generally, that means she's going to kick you out.

So I bummed around. I turned to watching movies at home for a while. Then I started drinking more than I had before. Then I just quit going out. I figured I didn't need socialization or anything like that. All I needed was my two jobs, no friends, and nothing to do. I quickly found myself turning to sensless vandalism.

But still, I persisted in my stubornness. I would not return to IHOP. I had frequented that establishment every single fucking night with my friend Olaf D. Neeper when he lived here. It was even a stop on the long winding path we took the first time I ever did acid. Olaf and I, wondering around, and we knew that we'd end up somewhere familiar sooner or later. And IHOP it was.

I remember sitting on the curb outside talking to him, telling him that I wasn't getting anything visual from it. "Is that normal for the first time?" I asked.

"CAN I HAVE A CIGARETTE?"

I TURNED AROUND AND SAW THIS UGLY CREATURE STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF TRAFFIC WHILE KEEPING HIS FEET CONVIENIETLY ON THE EDGE OF THE CURB A FEW FEET FROM ME, WITH HIS FACE RIGHT NEXT TO MINE. I FUMBLED FOR MY CIGARETTES WHILE KEEPING MY EYES LOCKED ON HIM. ALL I COULD SEE WAS THIS CREATURE STANDING IN TRAFFIC. HAND REACHED OUT LIKE HE WAS READY TO STRANGLE ME.

I NERVOUSLY HANDED HIM A CIGARETTE. POOLS OF CAR AND ROAD SWIRLED AROUND HIS HEAD. HE SNATCHED THE STOGIE AND PRACTICALLY CUMBLED THE CIGARETTE IN THE PROCESS OF PUTTING IT IN HIS MOUTH. AND THE HE LIT THE CIGARETTE.

A SLOW-MOTION CAMERA PAN TO HIS HAND THAT PRODUCED THE LIGHTER FROM NOWHERE.

ONE FLICK.

TWO FLICKS.

THREE FLICKS.

THE LIGHTER EXPLODED WITH SPARKS THAT STREAKED TO THE HORIZON AND BACK, IGNITING THE AIR ITSELF. HIS FACE GLOWED LIKE A MONSTER IN HEAT. SOMEHOW HIS CIGARETTE WAS SMOKING. HE SMILED AND LOOKED AT ME LIKE HE WAS ABOUT TO CONFIDE IN ME THAT HE WAS SATAN HIMSELF.

And the the light went out and we were back on the curb, and Olaf was talking to Saftey Pin Man about some spoken word Jell-o Biafra song, while this older vietnam vet was waving at me appreciatively from the sidewalk with a bent cigarette hanging from his lips.

Later on, when Olaf and I began the long descent down, we were drinking coffee at IHOP when the same vet sat back down with us and began to go off about how he wanted to kill all the senators and that his van wasn't liscenced because he didn't believe in those laws and that he could tell our futures if we were interested.

To quote a friend, "Oh... The Memories."

Okay, so that night was pretty cool. We had some fun. But it's time to move on. IHOP has changed. Things are different. To pass the time, we hung our hats at Carrow's.

But I can't get comfortable at Carrow's, can you? I mean, it's so relaxing, and laid back. The waitresses are nice and they actually refill your coffee for you (well, at least they do on the nights they choose to seat you). Where's the adventure in that? You don't get to flag down the already-irate waitresses, and you don't have to force them to actually acknowledge you even exist. And what if I like the claustrophobic insanity of mall-rats and hippies and bikers and all the other kind of people that make IHOP what it is?

So I guess that's why I started going back to IHOP. There's a lot more to it than that, though. I mean, a few chance decisions... "What do you want to do?" "We could go to IHOP?" "Okay." Whoever said it first is not all that important anymore, because once you go back, you come back. IHOP is just like our hometowns. We can leave, but we always come back.

I sit and I look at the people around the place, and I remember the other nights that I spent there. Some times I was dosed (this is the drugs issue after all), but most of the time I was sober... or as sober as you can get drinking IHOP coffee.

I remember going to coffee with girls. A painful realization comes across me: every woman I've ever had sex with has had coffee with me at the exact same IHOP. In fact, one night I was at coffee with three of them all at once. I retrace the nights in my mind. Every single night identical, and yet there's something about it that I can't quite get out of my head. There's something different this time.

I look again. I'm sitting at the same table the Vietnam vet told me I'd find happiness in my future. There's my friends and they're all talking about music and movies and all the stories about our lives that have became all reference and no action. The waitresses are still there, glaring at us and wondering when we'll leave. What is it?

Why do I keep coming back?

Who knows. I never will. There's no need to rationalize things like this. They just happen. If for no other reason, I guess the real reason I go back to IHOP is that IHOP has taught me two very important lessons.

1.) Life is a constant cycle.

2.) You can't stay longer than an hour unless you order something.

And those lessons hold true everywhere I go.

I look around again, and it hits me what it is that has changed about IHOP: I'm a little older, a little wiser, and the coffee is a little weaker.

--G.M. 1/18/97

Front Cover *by Kiisu D'salyss.* Back Cover and Art & Text Layouts *by G.M.* Collage Material In **"Kick Donald Land Mookies,"** submitted *by Olaf D. Neeper & Austin Rich,* & **"arranged"** *by G.M.* Collage Material at the end of **"My Experience With Common Drugs," "Memories From My Youth,"** & **"The Fast Food Whore"** *by G.M.* **EXCEPT the High Priestess Piercing** business card (courtesy of Ocean). **"Mama's crazy pet monkey rapes me with his eyes!"** *by Mystery Meat.*

Special Thanks to the usual crew of people, especially the Comstock household (Jon in particular), Shane who continues to have no last name (regardless of what people say), Keith & Fat-Elvis, U-Hell for the tape, and Colin Hicks.

If you wish to contribute a story, poems, piece of art, or anything else roughly 2 dimensional that can be conveyed via xeroxing, or just want to drop a line, please write to:

I'd Buy That For A Dollar c/o A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing P.O. Box 1Ø5Ø2 Eugene, OR 9744Ø

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Kick Donald Land Mookies

by Olaf D. Neeper

First off, I'd like to thank G.M. for placing this article in this fine publication. I was told that the subject for this particular issue was going to be about drugs. Now I knew that somebody was probably already going to write an article about LSD....not that I don't know anything about that drug...woah... er yeah. So I decided to take it apon myself to write about pot, (marijuana, weed, grass, bud, Mary Jane, hemp, dope, tea, Uncle Creytin, etc...) and I got myself prepared to write this in depth study of cannibus sativa, by getting really stoned. Mind you we don't have any pot at this time, but I picked up a few stems, filtered bong water, and scraped pipes for resin that I was able to load a couple bowls with. So then I sucked em on down withthe bong, and went outside to have a cigarette, because everyone knows that cigarettes increases your hight by 15%, or something like that... uh yeah.

Many of you out there know what I'm talking about... Hell, 60% of the "X" generation knows what I'm talking about. So okay, I admit it, I've become a stoner. But It's really hard for me to say that, because I'm embarrassed by that fact. I don't even let my closest friends know that, and they do drugs too... but their not stoners, which is perfectly understandable. I personally discourage the repeated use of pot. I guess it's that little piece of punk rock stuck inside me going, "You fuckin' hippie!" and beating at my self-imagine with a broken Pabst bottle.

Oh well, it's the only drug I do. I'm not 21 yet, there is no acid around here, and there is no place you can go and drink coffee and smoke cigarettes till 4 in the morning with out some redneck or trucker flicking you shit. Yes siree Bob, welcome to the Rogue valley. There is nothing to do except to sit around smoking pot or watch TV all day, and I hate TV worse than I hate pot

Besides, pot isn't all that bad. It's just that I hate the whole image that everyone gives it. I hate the whole 4:20 obsession. You ask any stoned person what time it is, and you are guaranteed to get, "It's 4:20, man!" Followed by uncontrollable giggling. I hate stoner languate too. Words like "phat, dank, schwag, diggity, mex, green, koosh, skunk, etc." God, they drive me nuts.

And now I'm using them too. Hey man, wanna bust out phat with da woo tang monkey? See?! There I go again! Wait a minute, where was I? Uhmm...er...yeah.

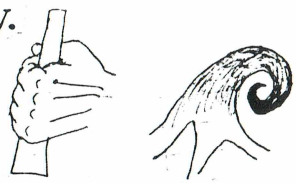
Oh yeah, and another problem I have with pot. After consistent smoking, you begin to lose your short terr... term...uh...short term...uhhhh...I forget. Oh yeah, my conclusion...er...yeah...

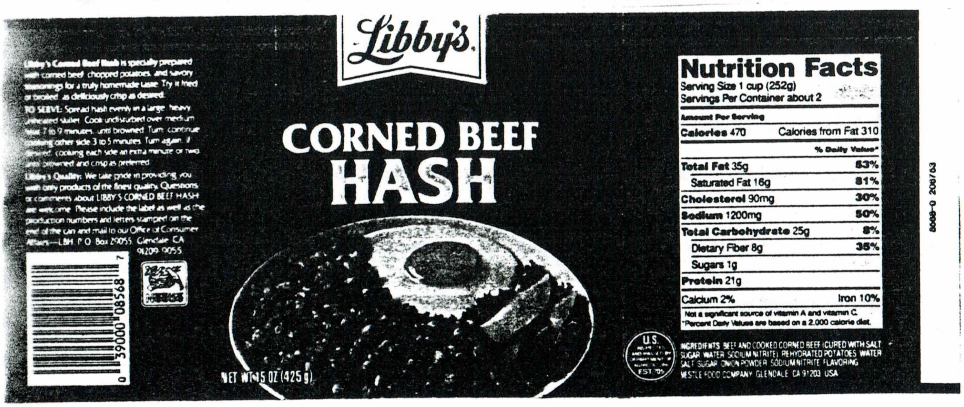
Okay, on the overall drug scale I'll give it a 7.85, just for being a psycadellic. I'm going to have another cigarette now.

* * * * * *



How to tell if you are a man or a boy.
(Without looking down.)



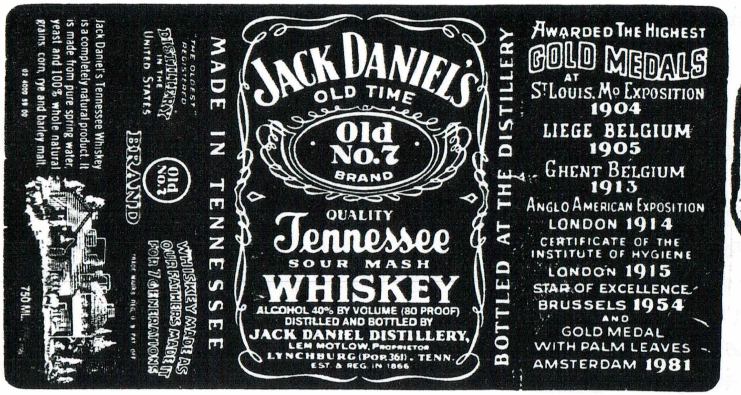


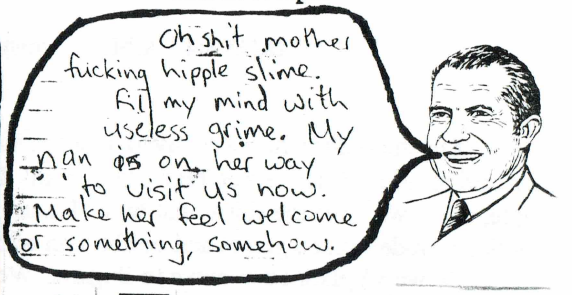


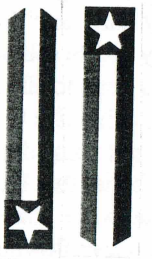
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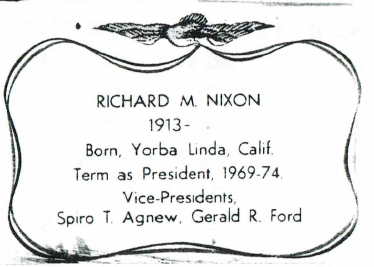
Here's that article for I'd Buy That For A Dollar. Sorry It's kinda short, but I sent you a few odds and ends in this along with the article to make up for it.

Sincerely,
Olaf D. Neeper









ALBERTSONS
IT'S YOUR STORE!

1/28/97 17:27 0550 05 0280 127

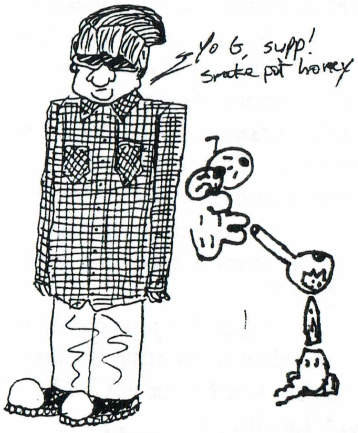
	MT DEW	.99 F
DP	DEPOSIT	.05 F
2 @ 4/4.49		
	STARBUCKS	2.25 F
	POOR BOYS	2.99 F
BC	COUPON	.50-F
****	BAL	5.78
	Cash	20.00
	CHANGE	14.22
	COUPONS TENDERED .50	

TOTAL NUMBER OF ITEMS SOLD = 4

THANKS FOR SHOPPING WITH US!







Dear Mr. Neeper,

Over the years our corespondence has been very gratifying, and yet again you have pulled through when you promised. Thank you for being all you can be!

On a lighter note, the length is obviously not a problem. Do you realized that you are the first person to actually write me a letter soully dedicated to this publication? Interesting.

The next issues's theme is, "Punk Is..." If you feel like you're ready for the challenge, feel free to start writing. Maybe your letters that I print will prompt others to write letters, seeing how I will print them.

Sincerely,
G.M.

My Experiences With Common Drugs

by Austin Rich

[Note: This is edited from various exerpts from the journal of Austin Rich, bassist for Cathead.]

11/28/95 4:47 A.M. – December 1, 1995 3:45 A.M. – 2/6/97 8:40 A.M.

Eugene culture has been raved about in the past, especially to a high school student who lived in a small town and hated it. Eugene was **THE** place, man! There were the malls, and the hippies, and the music, and the people, and it was just the shit at that time. I mean, what was going on in Cottage Grove anyway? Late night activities included video games and coffee, and with only one coffee house it got old after a while.

So we all planned to move to Eugene. We figured it would just be the plan. We'd all get apartments and we'd all live in peace and harmony and there'd be shows to go to and places to go and people to hang out with... the malls... all that shit. It was the only viable solution to the small town blues.

But the twisted fate that is dealt to all of us has a sense of humor, and a bad one at that, because these days the only plan I can ever make with a friend is to have coffee at _____ or watch a movie at home... and maybe... just maybe... when the gettings good... get some drugs.

I, myself, have stuck to a belief that I had long ago decided when I opened my first bottle of beer on some ill-fated bridge now known to some as the "funion bridge." I keep my drugs simple. I use caffiene and nicotine on a regular basis... you know... get the jucies flowing... make sure I don't die from boredom. The cigarettes are now especially helping because I seem to smoke only 2 or 3 a day... and I'll tell you, that first one... just for a second... it gives you that little rush that made you want to start smoking in the first place.

Now pot is the gray area that I've never really been to clear on. My first pot experience was with some friends of mine that didn't really know exactly what they were doing (of course, the weed was really nothing new to me. My mom smokes it to this day on a regular basis... something leftover from her childhood that she still probably hasn't worked out with her id and ego yet either). Anyway, these guys had a pipe and one of them, L_____, had some bud. They came to the place I was staying and they BS'ed for a while and then they all went outside. I followed and they started loading the pipe.

It was passed around.

Everyone said the same things, of course. "Am I holding this right?", "Where do I put the lighter?", and, "Is **IT** lit?"

When the pipe got to me I didn't exactly know what to do. J_____ just stood there and handed the pipe to me. I held it wondering if I should take a hit or not, not really worrying about what my friends would think but worrying whether or not I'd be albe to get to bed and whether it would affect my dinner I'd eaten. S____ said, "I'll hold the pipe. J_____, you hold the lighter." They thought they were pros or something.

I inhaled for what reason has been lost with time, and within seconds contracted the biggest headache I'd ever had in my life. I spent the rest of the night trying, and failing miserably, to sleep in the basement of my friend C____'s house that I was staying with at the time.

Ever since that night, pot has been a weird drug for me (and I use the word drug, mind you, in the loosest sense considering drugs are, to paraphrase, something that alters the mind, and music by that definition is definately a drug... I'll write more on that later so I won't get to badly on a tanget here). The few random times that I was exposed to it between then and now have only worked off and on. Occasionally I'd get, "STONED," and occasionally I'd just get repulsed by the smell of the stuff. I never fully understood the drug when I was stoned because the only effects I got from it were sleepiness and/or confusion. I don't know why someone would want to

sleep when they are trying to enhance their lifestyle (or, at least, a few minutes of their life) but then why would you also want everything to be confusing when you're trying to have fun too?

Then again, these are just my experiences, and I'm an asshole. The point is, I tend to not seek this as much as my one and only true love as far as drugs are concerned... and it is also the entire point for this story so I hope you've read this far... and that drug is of course is acid, the one and only cornerstone in Eugene culture.

Acid for me has led to only disappointment, which may seem odd to you but makes sense to me... but why I like the drug so much is still unclear. The disappointment comes from the fact that the drug is either impossible to find... lasts too long... or it ends up not working at all. And sometimes I think that the only reason I do it sometimes is to become disappointed because disappointment seems to be a nostalgic feeling these days.

I was disappointed at my childhood because of what happened then. My home life was okay... until my parents divorced... and I never really had all the things I thought I was going to get as a child.

School was a disappointment because I don't remember learning much of any importance... and of course getting beat up every day wasn't much fun either... neither was getting made fun of and such.

Moving out of my parents home was a disappointment because I wasn't prepared for what was to come. Getting a job... paying bills... etc. I wasn't prepared for this... especially when I got kicked out of my house at 18 with no money saved up and no job experience yet.

And I don't even want to get into my relationship success-rate. That number alone is disappointing... even to the nerdy kids in school that never got dates... and I used to be one of them!

So my whole life has been full of disappointment and I guess, in some small way, I want to get back to that when my life is going good just to remember the things that made me the way I am. Either that, or I just make up random reasons for wanting to do it and do it anyway. FLOPH!

My first experience with acid was with my friend Olaf D. Neeper. That night he had gotten really fed up with his job at McDonald's and decided to quit on the spot. The night before he'd bought 2 hits of white blotter from some guy and came over to my apartment. We went to go eat... dropped... and walked downtown to just have some fun.

An hour and a half later... after saying, "Are you feeling anything yet," for 20 or so times... we were about ready to give up. We met another friend of ours that had acid all the time and were about ready to track down two more hits. Then some other people showed up. They started bullshitting and stuff and then one girl we know began to tell the Mr. Smiley joke.

Now, under normal, "Sober," circumstances the Mr. Smiley joke has been known to kill people. I'd heard it once before and cringed at the thought of hearing again. But soon, I became really, really scared of hearing it. I looked at Colin and for some reason I knew that he felt that way too. I don't know how, I just did. I said, "Let's get out of here," and we started walking... and a few minutes later we both realized that we were going up.

Going up... as far as acid is concerned... is very odd. All of your senses... your feeling... everything... is acting in ways you can't really understand... trying to break free of whatever reality is there (or isn't there... depending on your state of mind). You start to hear echos in places there shouldn't be... begin to see tracers and such... start to get the "body high" that comes with whatever else the makers cut the fry with. Everything is racing, trying to get to the peak without you really being able to follow exactly what's going on.

Peaking is even more crazy. In the past I've seen and heard some really weird shit at a peak. Once, walls and ceilings started changing colors and moving. I've heard music that wasn't there, seen people, places and object (in plain sight and perriferally) that were not there either. When music stops playing... it reverberates in my head. Once I heard absolutely no sound from anyone or anything at all at the peak... and once... and only once... I slowly became a god-like alien and destroyed the known universe and lived an entire week in the span of one hour. The only thing that snapped me out of that was when my friend Olaf said, "Hey, let's go to the store and buy some lemonheads."

Coming down is even stranger. It lasts for hours. The visual halucinations don't really exist anymore and at this time you can only have fun. Music sounds better and more interesting that it ever has... song ideas... story ideas... and all art-like ideas you've ever imagined are suddenly sitting there in plain sight in your brain waiting to be finished. Things are just really cool. For most of the time.

Towards the end, you become more an more disappointed. It's been about 10 of so hours since you dropped. The fun has now been over for quite some time and the sleep deprivation is setting in. But you can't get to sleep. You just want to come all the way down... but you can't. You don't at all feel like you are on acid any more. But you don't feel sober either. You're inbetween... and everything you want is just out of reach because no food sounds appealing... no position you try to rest in is comfortable... and everything you may want to do requires too much energy to do in your state. And you are really disappointed with the drug entirely and want to never do it again.

A few weeks pass and of course you want to try it again. You remember how much fun you had... how it inspired you and how you understood things that you couldn't quite grasp completely in sober life. You get the urge again, not for any reason that you can rationalize but because it is the only "answer" you've ever been able to find... because it contains all the things you are familiar with in life... only inhanced... and the additions are something you feel are very, very important.

So you do it again and repeat the process.

The other day when I started writing this down me and some friends spent $30.00 dollars on 8 hits of acid and an eighth of 'shrooms. I had a few days off and everyone else thought it would be fun. We split up the goods and waited. Four hours later Dogfish gave R___ a ride home and I started writing, again in disappointment.

I wasn't disappointed because it was all bunk. I was disappointed because the $10.00 I chipped in was gone... I got nothing from it... and it could have gone to rent or something. I was also disappointed... later... because I had conned myself into thinking that that was why I was disappointed, but in the end I was mostly disappointed because acid is the kind of drug that does have everything that I do want but at the wrong times and in different proportions.

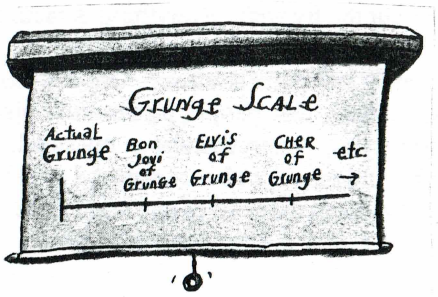
As I edit this piece now, blanking the names and essentially making it more readable, I realized, though complete in and of itself, there are a few things that need to be said.

After my last mushroom trip I resolved to not participate in any of my drugs of choice, save cigarettes and caffeine.

Sense then I broke that resolve a few times, but all were with pot, and a few I regretted later.

The reason I quit involved Negativland's cover of "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For," and me actually finding "**IT**."

But if you ever wanted me to tell you **exactly** what "IT" was, you would have to accept my plead for the fifth as a good enough reason, because I **don't even understand THAT**.



OUR BASIC CONCEPT.



High Priestess Piercing

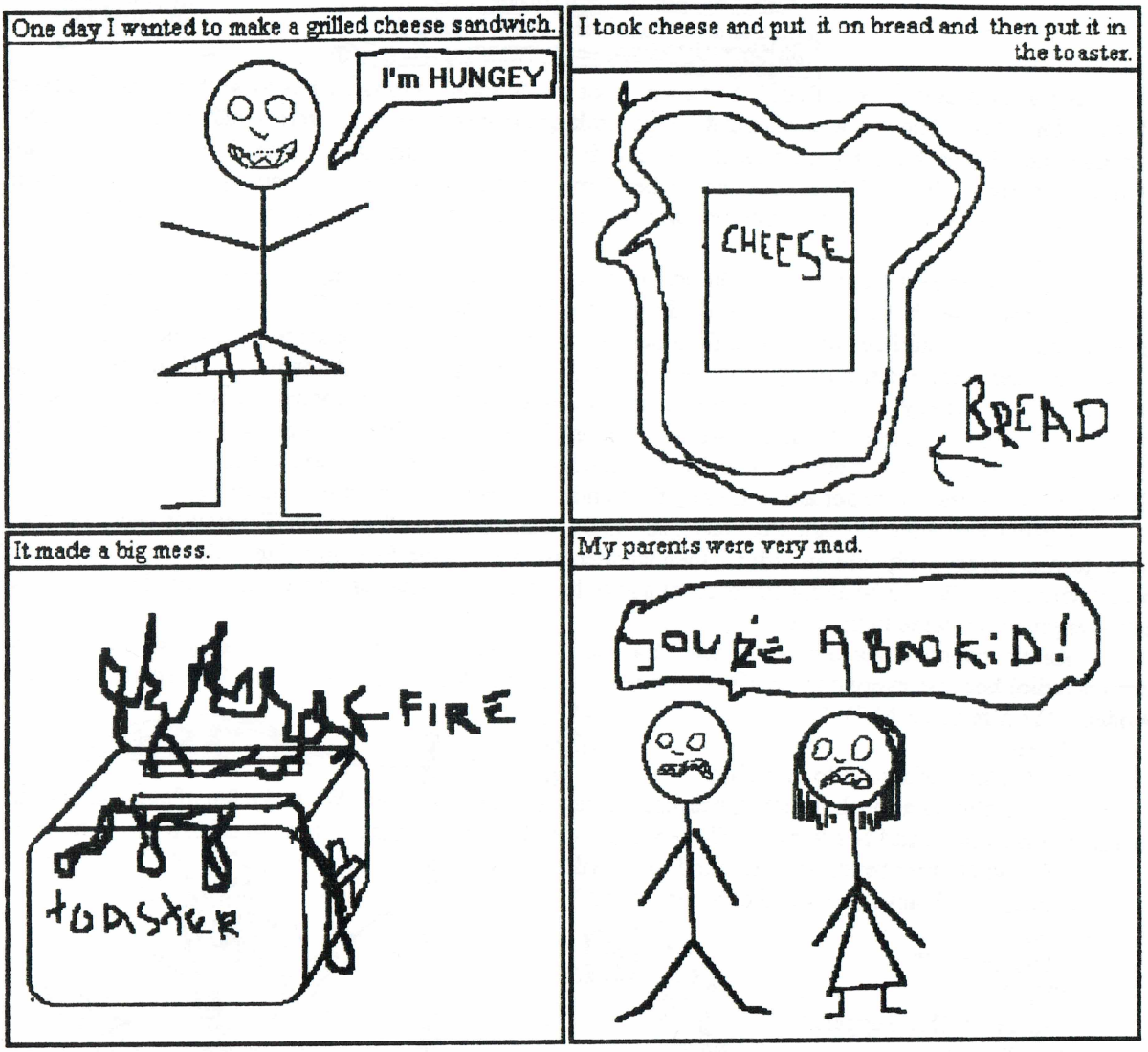
Ocean
Associate Piercer

675 Lincoln St., Below Hunky Dory

(541) 342-6585

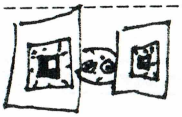
Comfortable & Clean Discreet & Professional
State Licensed Facility

Memories From My Youth — Eh Remember When I was a young Sperm? — by Mystery Meat



TECHNOLOGY
ROCK THE MOUSE
ONE WORLD
7 ELEVEN
The Ultimate Holiday Experience Is Awaiting Yo

Sunday. June 9th. 1996. 12:32 A.M.



A slack off day @ Taco Bell™. Not a whole lot to talk about. I rode the bus to work & dinked around for an hour before work. The sun was shining & I kept thinking to myself that there were a million better places to be other than Taco Bell™, but for some reason I just couldn't come up w/ anything. I think Taco Bell™ is draining my will to live a normal life. All I think about now when I suggest to a friend over the phone is wheather or not going out to get some coffee will somehow interfere w/ my job. It's almost as if I've given up having a real life just to get the extra money.

"The Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy" book on tape kept me company on the way to work. I found myself almost wishing that the Vogons would destroy the Earth just so Taco Bell™ wouldn't exist. Then I realized that everything else would be gone too, & Taco Bell™ is a small price to pay for some good things in life.

The managers again converged on the spot I was waiting out the count-down 'til clock-on time. I caught one of their names finally, Kathy, but the other name is a mystery still. Kathy commented on my hat (a sort of engineers hat w/ the bill gone) & said she wanted one just like it. Suddenly, the other manager mentioned something she wanted to talk to Kathy about, but then hushed quickly & asked Kathy to, "take a walk w/ her." Official Taco Bell™ business I guess, to important to fall into the hands of a lowly crew member I suppose.

Again I was drive through order taker, & it is the ultimate slack off position. Today was really slow, & all I had to do was occasionally take an order & then wander around, looking for something to do. There were occasional "pops" where there would be about 10 orders in a row, but they were never anything complicated & I just kicked back & enjoyed my three hour shift.

Kathy brought a stereo to work today & asked what station to turn the dial to. I suggested to turn it to 88.1 (campus radio) because every once in a while, on request, they play my band. Everyone @ the store was dumb founded. "You're in a BAND?"



"Yeah."

"What kind of music do you play?"

This is always a tough question, because we play all kinds of music. We make fun of every kind of music, including ourselves, & add bits & pieces of every kind of style into our music. I tried to explain this & no one got it.

"But what other bands do you sound like?" asked Sally.

I said, "Well, have you heard of Sonic Youth?"

"No."

"The Germs?"

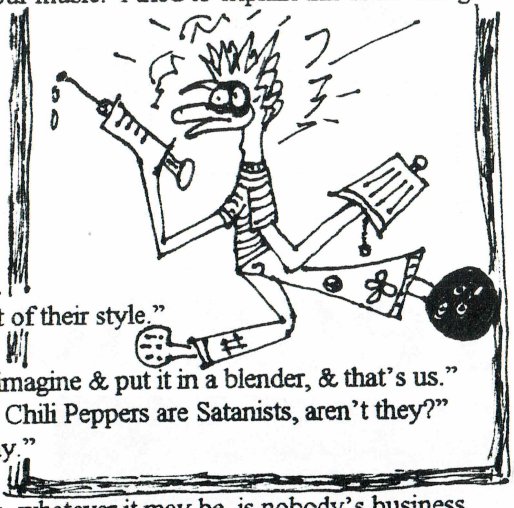
"No."

"Red Hot Chili Peppers?"

"No."

"Nirvana."





"Yeah. You guys sound like Nirvana?" she said in disgust.

"No. But we do a Nirvana cover & sometimes we use a bit of their style."

"What does that mean?"

"Uhm, nevermind. Just take every kind of music you can imagine & put it in a blender, & that's us."

Sally thought about this & frowned, & said, "The Red Hot Chili Peppers are Satanists, aren't they?"

I couldn't believe the ignorance! I said, "No, they're all gay."

"So are you saying something about yourself, then?"

I decided it was best to just shut up. My sexual orientation, whatever it may be, is nobody's business except the person who's sitting on my dick (to paraphrase Michael Stipe).

Drive Through Order Taker is only bad for one reason, & that's people who work the line (the assembly line where they make the food) are constantly yelling @ you when it does get slightly busy. It's so weird that @ the first sign of busyness, everyone panics.

Some Taco Bell™ info: The Drive Through Order Taker takes orders on a register. While The DTOT is doing this, the people working the line can't see the order on the screen they look @ that tells them what kind of food to make. When the DTOT is done taking the order, then he "cashes" the order, sending the order out to the screens so they can read it.

Well, the people that work the line are always yelling, "Cash The ORDER!!" while you're still taking the order, because, even though they aren't done making the order before it, they want to see the order as some sort of security blanket. Well, I can't change the order after I've "cashed" the order, so if I "cash" the order before I'm done taking it then the people working the line don't know what all items they are supposed to make, & the person working Drive Through Money Taker (DTMT) doesn't charge the customer the right amount of money, & then the customer gets mad because he didn't get his _____.

I've come to loathe the people that work the line because of this fact, because they expect me to do something that I can't possibly do just to convenience themselves, & if I don't do it I get yelled @ even more afterward. Fuck that shit.

Taco Bell™ is a learning experience, & today I learned about "The Cleaning Game." The game reminds me of the story "The Lottery," & as it was explained to me I began to feel like I might not make it home in one piece.

A manager picks out several different menial tasks (cleaning tasks, that is) that need to be done that are in no way part of the normal duties @ Taco Bell™, & divides them up among the crew members that are working. She then assigns a number to each task (or series of tasks as the case may be) & puts them in a hat. Then, each crew member must pick a task @ random from the hat & then their job that night is to perform the task. Many crew members were excited @ the thought of this new game. I was hiding in fear.

My job was to wash the shelves in the walk-in freezer, wash the walls, sweep the floor & mop afterward. Little did they know that the shelves had been washed not to long again & just needed a once over, & the floors had been swept & mopped very recently as well. I was done is about 10 minutes.

I have an unusual talent @ Taco Bell™, & I wish I could use it for good instead of evil because currently, all it seems to do is help benefit the company. When a customer comes through the drive-through, it am required to give them a spiel that is taped to the register I use to ring in the order. In it's entirety, the paper reads, "Thank You For Choosing Gateway Taco Bell™, Would You Like To Try Our New 3 Cheese Beef Melt(©) Today?" This is called suggestive selling, & as much as I hate it I've found that it actually works 9 out of 10 times.

Generally, I can get the customer to purchase an item if I say it in the pre-written spiel in place of the 3 Cheese Beef Melt(©). However, when the customer comes to the window & actually has to pay for the item, they wonder why the cost is so much & complain about it while they're paying for it. But they still pay for it! If only I could make this power benefit me instead of Taco Bell™.

@ 8 I clocked off, a short day indeed, & decided to kill some time before the bus started running by eating a bit of my three foot long sandwich. For some reason, everyone @ the store was amazed by the size of the sandwich & wanted to eat it. Then again, since all they've been in contact w/ all day is Taco Bell™ food, I now understand why then did want to eat it.

You'll feel a special satisfaction making *someone else*

SUFFER! 66

ON SALE NOW

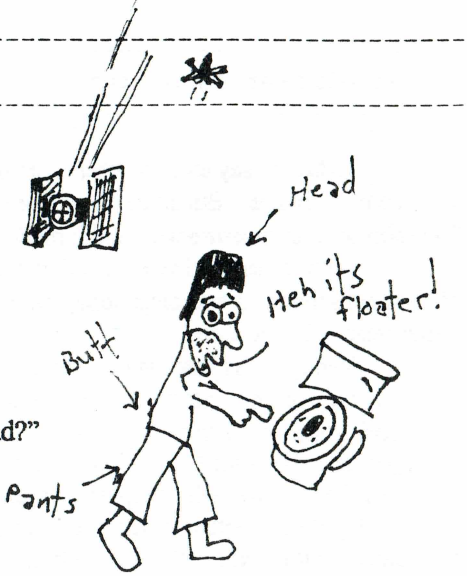
this holiday season!

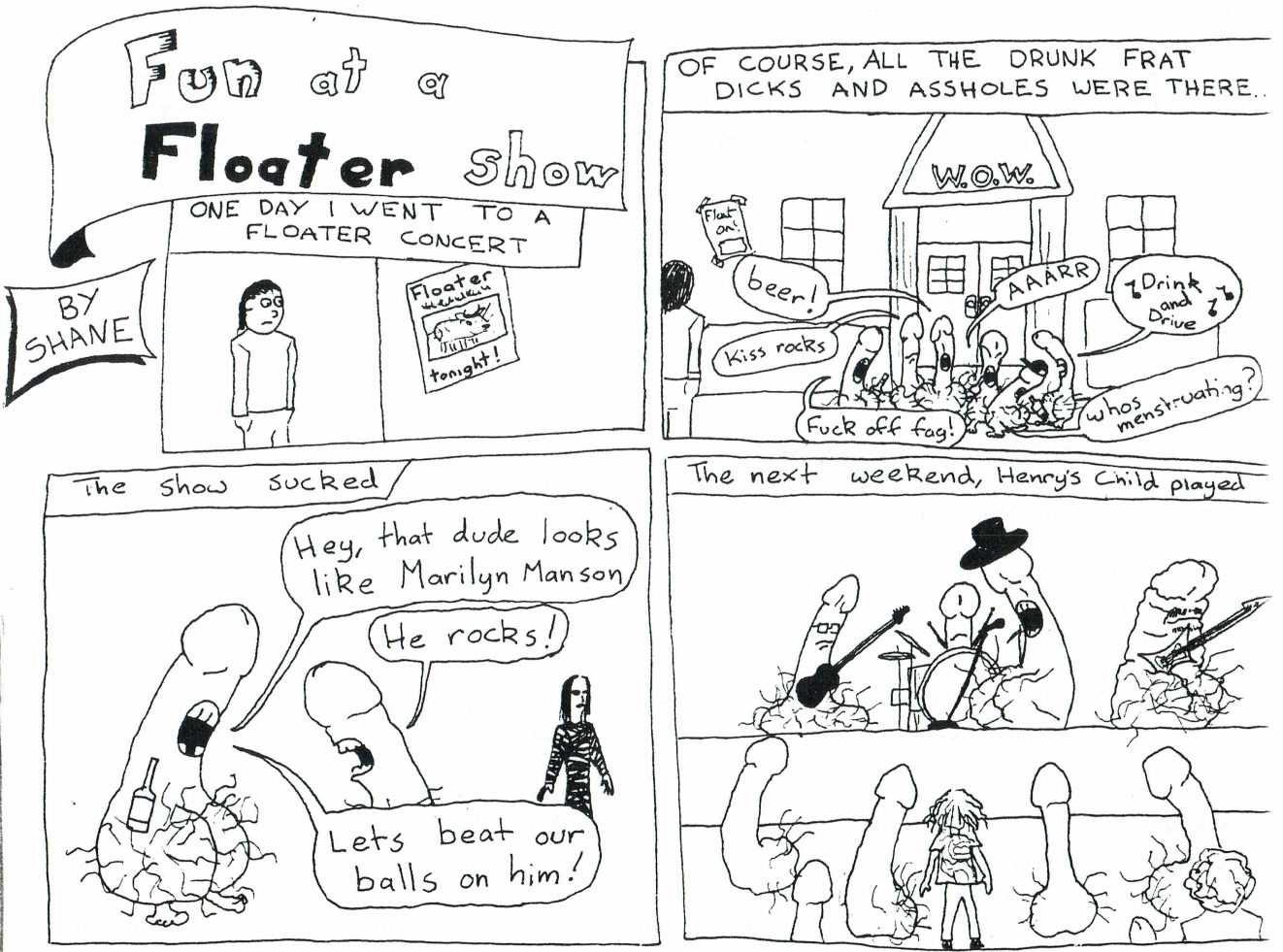

YOU KLINGON BASTARD...!
YOU'VE KILLED MY SON!
AN APPLE FELL OUT OF THE TREE!
AN APPLE FELL OUT OF THE TREE!
AN APPLE FELL OUT OF THE TREE!
Mama's crazy pet monkey rapes me with his eyes!
STAY AWAY FROM STRANGERS!
JUGHEAD, YOU, YOU... LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
YOU'VE HAD SO MUCH FUN GETTING DIRTY, IT'S HOME TO THE BATH FOR YOU TWO!
LOOK FOR THESE MISSING CHILDREN!
I ONLY KNOW WHEN WE ARRIVED RIGHT HERE WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT!
I LOVE YOUR tight ASS
WHO CAME on my HAT?!?
"Obviously, my stuff wasn't good enough." A New Zealand resident identified only as Fiona, whose cat has dragged in 180 items of women's underwear filched from neighbors.
"There'll be some changes at Riverfront [Stadium]. Instead of 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game' in the seventh inning, they'll now play 'Springtime for Hitler'." Cincinnati community activist Ahron Leichtman, on Reds owner Marge Schott's comment about Hitler's being a good leader at first. Schott later apologized.
GUESS WHICH BOY GOES TO THE LIBRARY EVERY DAY... AND HASN'T READ A BOOK IN MONTHS?
YAHOO! THE LIBRARY OPENS IN TEN MINUTES!
DON'T GO WITH ANYONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW THE SECRET WORD!

Random E-Mail

From: Hank Terwilliger <h633074@stud.u-szeged.hu>
To: G.M. <gm@efn.org>
Subject: Random Sentences

"It was the kind of cold when things snap."
"I am pounding out medallions with the heels of my hands."
"One false move and the kid gets it!"
"Beards on Broadway."
"Hello? Do I have "Ponderous Creep" chiselled on my forehead?"
"cold cupped hands."
"Juvenile longing and ice-cream suicide."
"their tiny, shady little hearts."





Pretzelmaker As A Drug

by G.M.

It's had to say exactly when I realized that the job was worse than I had thought it would be. At first, it seemed to harmless. But as the days wore on and all I did was make pretzels the whole time, I realized what Pretzelmakers true nature was, and it made the struggle just worse.

Every other job I've ever had in the food service industry has been, to one degree or another, horrible. At McDonald's the food was disgusting, the people were idiots, and it was a feat to even recieve a paycheck. It was a tough year + for me there.

Wendy's was just flat out unreasonable. I couldn't believe their policys on the simpilest things. For example, they did not inform me until after I had already been suspended that I was suspended for being late for work and/or sick more then five time. I walked in, noticed there were no hours on the schedule, asked all the managers and they didn't know why. Finally, a week into not working at Wendy's I find out from an employee who overhead the manager who suspended me.

I had been actually sick three days, and late twice. The days I was sick were all in a row, so it was nice to have called in the night before my shift and know that I didn't have to go. The manager said, "Oh, yeah, if you're sick, just don't come in until you're better. First thing I know, that's the reason I was suspended. (I'm not making this up, either. I later found out that if I had know I was going to be sick a week ahead of time, I could have gotten the days off.)

So I moved on. My next venture was Taco Bell. There I worked with people all younger than me who really didn't seem to believe that I was 21 even though I showed them ID. The managers were unreasonable with breaks. All in all, it was unreasonable (and well documented within this and past issues), so I decided that was it. No more food service. I was sick of it and I'm sure it was sick of me.

Next I got a job at Hometown Buffet, and the only complaint I really have about the job was the way I lost the job. I was a seater. I didn't actually serve food, I just cleaned tables and led customers to the tables. Well, Thanksgiving was coming up and the managers left a note in the break area that the busses would run that day, so there was no excuse to not show up for work that day. After discussing policy with some other employees, I discovered that every single employee that didn't show up that day was fired. I couldn't believe this. Boy, was I wrong.

I walked downtown to catch the bus, and there was nothing. No busses. No busses due for another day. I called up Hometown and talked to the woman that hired me. I told her that the busses hadn't been running that day like the notice in the break room said, and that I don't own a car, or a functioning bike. I continued to explain that I had just called all the friends I knew with cars (which is true... all of this is), and they were all unavailable to give me a ride or not answering their phones. I then ended with that I had no desire to walk the distance to Gateway mall from downtown Eugene, and the rain really emphasised this, and that I would really appreciate it if she could either come and pick me up (or send someone to do that), so that I wouldn't miss my shift. Either that, or she could cover my shift for me.

So she comes back about 15 minutes later telling me that if I wasn't at work within the hour I was fired. And so, I was.

And then the Pretzelmaker. I had thought several times in my life that I would never had to resort to food service. I thought that I was in the clear, that I could finally get a decent job and get on with my life. But, again, I was wrong.

The Pretzelmaker was one of those jobs that was so easy to get that you really weren't sure you had actually tried in the first place. It was, literally, like using the Jedi Mind Trick. So I had the job. They wanted me to work these puny little shifts at night with some fairly descent pay, three days a week. Hell yeah! I couldn't turn it down. After all, all I had to make was Pretzels, and it's not like the food was gross.

Then I actually had to work the shifts, and that was when I knew that I hated the job. Ye ol' Pretzelmaker

seemed to be the absolutely slowest business at Gateway mall. Some nights, I could go the entire night and not sell and single pretzel during my shift. It was really scary.

With nothing to do at work, the shifts seemed to just drag on and on. (By the way, did you know that it takes exactly two and a half minutes to cook a pretzel? Yes it does. I timed it.)

The only two redeeming qualitys that Pretzelmaker had was the fact that it implied that I was an apprentice or something, learning the trade of pretzelmaking. Of course, that wasn't the case, but it sounded like it was. The other redeeming quality was the dishwashing job. If you got scheduled to work the night back-room closing shift then you get to fuck around like no other job I've known. There was a tape deck, and all you had to do was get the room cleaned by the end of the night. That was it. Fuck yeah.

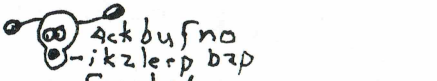
But the Pretzelmaker wasn't always like that, and oftentimes the nights would drag on. I would just stare at the passers by, knowing that it wasn't just the people that were passing me by.

I guess it was one of those mind games the world was playing on me. I had, for almost three years, endured every kind of fast food torture imaginable. I had reached that point where nothing seemed to phase me. No breaks? No problem. 12 hour shifts? P-shaw! Nothing could harm me. I was the Fast Food Whore.

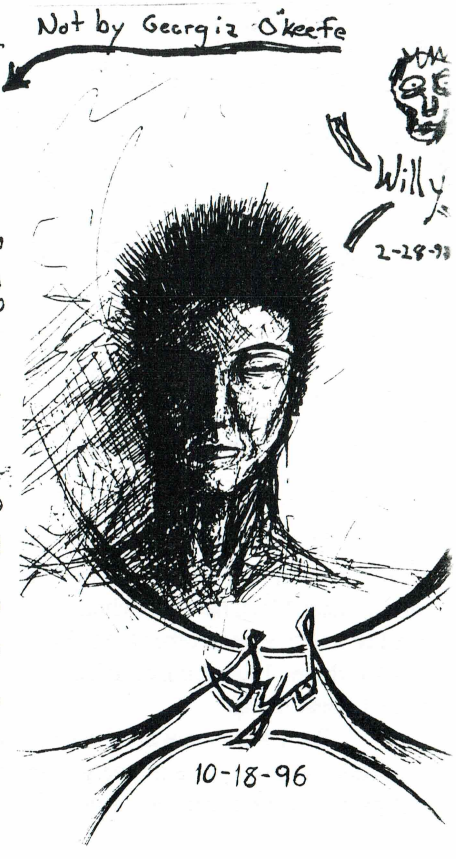
I now know that all one needs to put such a thing in prespective is not a physically enduring job, but a mentally enduring one.

Every night when I got off work, my mind would be clouded, like I had been on drugs the whole time, and it would take at least a pot of coffee to clear my head. I think quitting that job was one of the best things I ever did. Course, I didn't get to quit. The day I went in to quit, I got fired.

Now that's Democracy for ya.





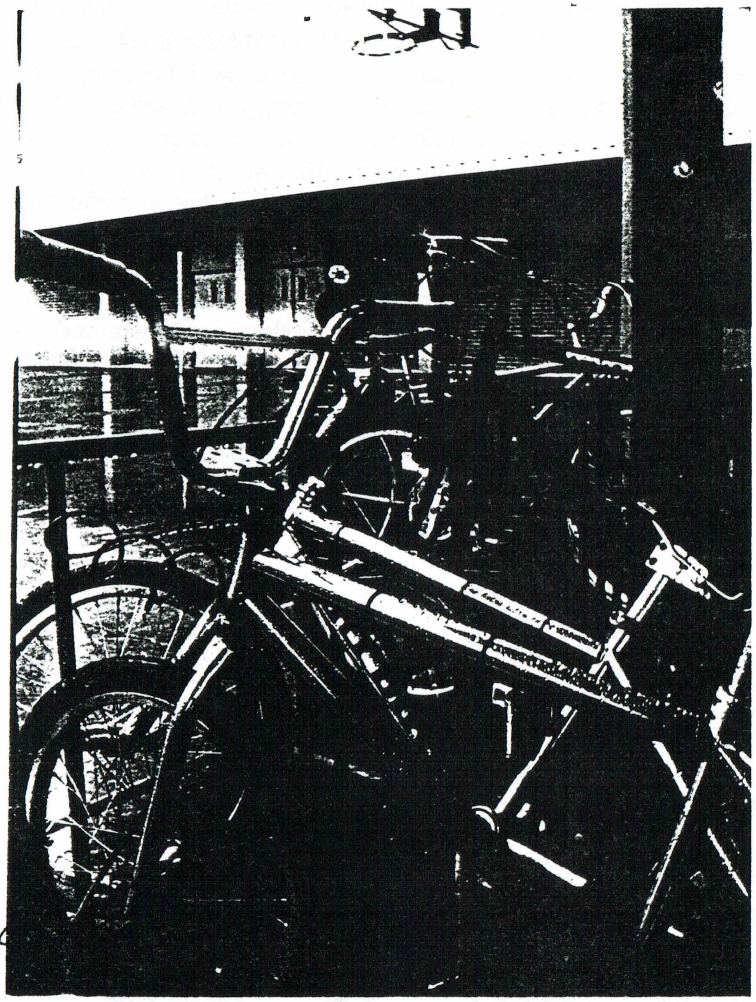


Riding my bike down the white line.

by Mystery Meat

I like Crank.

I like to ride my bike on crank.
I snort the fat rails of white powder and just start pedaling.
I go nowhere yet I go everywhere.
I can't stop talking, I wait until you stop talking and interject everything I've been holding back.
I crank my bike.
I crank myself.





Butt-Rockin' Madness!

by The Soylent Green

In the not-to-distant past, I ran into a friend of mine and he had an extra ticket to this show at the W.O.W. Hall. Now, I'm not one to pass up a free show, so I accepted the ticket. The line-up was a band called Drain, another called Sister Machine Gun (whom I had heard a lot about and was quite excited to be seeing them), and the headliners were none other than Type O Negative. Now, I'm not a big Type O fan at all. In fact, I really could care less for them. I can think of at least a few billion things that I'd rather be doing, so I wasn't all that excited about Type O headlining.

But I went anyway. I can't figure out why I did, because after I had heard that Sister Machine Gun cancelled, and saw the extremely drunk frat dicks outside butt-rockin' their brains to AC/DC and Kiss, I should have just turned around and went home. But I figured at the very least Drain might be decent enough to give the show a chance.

I was wrong. I almost fell asleep it was so horrible. I'm not saying that they were bad muscians, because I'm sure there are some people that actually liked them (and besides, they were damn cute). But to me, the music sucked. The bass player had mastered the art of the one note bass lines. The female vocalist cooed the lyrics to a million horny guys, knowing full well they could care less about their content than the way she delivered them. The drummer mindlessly just pounded out a constant drone of a rhythem, and the guitar player seemed more like a high-end replication of what the bass player couldn't do.

I left as soon as I could. I found the people I had gone with and told them I'd be home, listening to some real butt-rockin' tunes that I had picked up for $2.95 the week before: The Original Motion Picture Soundtrack "This Is Spinal Tap".

Now, I'm no judge of butt-rock. I'm not really a Metallica fan, couldn't name a single Megadeth song for the life of me, and don't even know how to distinguish between Areosmith and The Rolling Stones (aside for the fact the The Rolling Stones are much better). But when it comes to the butt-rockin'est tunes that have ever been written, it has to be Spinal Tap, and I love it.

The album begins with "Hell Hole," the only song that didn't appear in the movie that had an entire video filmed for it. The songs dipiction of a person hating the wrong side of the tracks while he's there, then wanting back after he's out, is vague enough in it's telling that this song, in my mind, is a lesser on on the LP. The entire reason to listen to Spinal Tap is for their outrageous lyrics, though the music is so sterotypically butt-rock that it's worth waiting through it for the next two songs.

"Tonight I'm Gonna Rock You Tonight," is quite possibly the best song on the album. It has all the elements that a bad 80's metal song needs musically, and the lyrics (about a man explaining to a young girl that it is best that they don't ever get involved with each other because of the age difference between them, but he gives in anyway and decides that he'll, "Rock" her tonight) are so horrible that everyone chuckles when listening. The same holds true for the next two songs, "Heavy Duty," and "Rock And Roll Creation," though by this time even I get tired of the music (and I've seen the movie at least 15 times). For those wondering, "Heavy Duty," is about how the heavier the music, the better, and that how only, "heavy duty brings out the duty in me!" "Rock And Roll Creation," is about how rock 'n' roll created them into what they were, and how god looked down and, "saw that is was good."

At this point, if one remembers his History of Rock 'n' Roll from the early 80's, the entire story of Spinal Tap unfolds in front of you--not as a fictional account--but as a real life point in history. All the songs, all the lyrics, all the costumes... even the name is so stereotypically 1984 that soon you are not laughing because it is funny, you are laughing because it is true.

To continue, the next two songs are not that great. "America," to my knowledge, didn't even appear in the movie, and though, "Cups And Cakes," is funny in the context of Spinal Tap's past before their butt-rockin' years we see in the movie, it looses something compared to the song that follows it, "Big Bottom." First off, there is no guitar Second, there are three basses. Third, the song is about big butts. And with lines like, "My baby fits me like a flesh tuxedo / I want to sink her with my pink torpedo," this song ranks among the best on the album.

"Sex Farm," and "Stonehenge," are typical songs for both Spinal Tap and any 80's butt-rocker, but of the two "Stonehenge," must be the better, soully because it is so sterotypically "there are things we know nothing about... no, really... we don't!" The only factor that makes, "Stonehenge," hard to listen to is that without the movie, one loses the effect of the capes and the face make-up and the midgets and all. Still, and damn good song.

The tape wraps up with two more songs that are in the vein of, "Cups And Cakes." "Gimme Some Money, supposedly their big hit when they were an old 50's/60's skiffle group is hilarious in that context alone, but in comparison to the other songs it's just not butt-rockin' enough. The song was only meant to be a joke, and in it's entirety, though funny, is hard to listen to all the way. As is "(Listen To The) Flower People," their supposed late 60's/early 70's psychadellic hit. Though the song does contain all the elements that a good psychadellic song should (including a complimentary dosed frame in the movie and close up of dialated pupils), again, it loses something when you've been pumped full of butt with songs like, "Tonight I'm Gonna Rock You Tonight."

Overall, this tape was well worth the $2.95 I paid for it, and I recommend it to all who are sick of Floater shows who want to truly experince butt the way it was meant to be. Viva La Spinal Tap!

Advertisement

by G.M.

Over the next year or so, WANC Records and I will be producing a cassette for release ONLY with an issue of "I'd Buy That For A Dollar." Ironically, that issue will have to cost a little more than a dollar, but for consistancy's sake the name will remain the same. It will contain songs by many local bands, but so far no one has committed themselves to the project.

I would like to request submissions for the tape. Everything will be used unless we get too many submissions, in which case I'll have to hold them over for another tape. But we will use anything you've got. The quality doesn't have to be great. Just run off a copy of anything you've got and send it on over to the same old address as this publication. If you've got more than one song you'd like to submit, feel free, I'll use them all. What I need from you is the name of the song, the name of the band, band member listings (if you want them), recording / production information (if you want it), and an address so we can contact you (If you want, we'll print that in the tape inset too). This tape is not restricted to any style of music, and the criteria for appearing on the first tape is first come, first serve. So be quick about it.

A Very Long Two Months

by G.M.

It's becoming harder for me to write lately, which troubles me because it is all that I feel I am good at. I remember the first time I put pen to paper with the intent to write a story. It was fiction and it was my baby, and I would give anything for a copy of it now. The story was a typical fantasy story where all the characters were my friends, and they were sent off to slay the dragon and save the princess. Circa 4th or 5th grade. I did well on the assignment, but the teacher said it was too lengthy.

From that day forward I knew that I wanted to do this for a living.

I read whatever I could when I could. I would read in my spare time, which wasn't too much, but I still read. I didn't think I was reading all that fast, and I wasn't really. Many of my friends read two or three books in the time I read one. But my inability to read fast was made up for by the extensive notes I was constatly keeping on my characters in my stories. I never seemed to finish many whole stories, but I knew eactly who did what where, when, how, and with who for every single story I ever did start.

I probably would have never let anyone else read anything else I ever wrote outside my family and friends if four things hadn't happened in my junior year of High School. The first thing was meeting Mr. Cerrah Seal (often featured writer in both Bob's Imagination & Bob's Annex, as well as the old A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. monthly). He attended my english class, and through my friend & roommate Austin Rich (another regular in all my publications) had become friends. He started showing me his writing and I was very impressed. I was always asking him if I could help him out with editing and proofreading and such, and he always reluctantly agreed. I guess he was like me, always liking to write but never really becoming interested in actually sharing it with many people.

The second thing that happened was out english teacher we shared. Heidi Gunter was quite possibly the best, kindest, and most helpful person I ever met in my personal life as well as in my academic. A few chance assignments that she found particularly good and a few re-writes for her class later, and I was cranking out fiction that she, myself, and Cerrah all found good.

Of course, all this is background. All of this is just circumstance that could have happened to anyone. But the chain of events, if broken (and I honestly believe this), would never have gotten me to where I am now. But if you want to really get down to business, the following things were what really pushed me into what I do now.

The third thing was a she. She was actually the first real crush I ever had. There had been a couple others before that, but all of them were one sided and pretty hopeless and all in all unfullfilling for all concerned. But she was my first that I actually talked to. She was also my first real date, but aside from that, the firsts ended with her and are another matter entirely.

I was totally lost in her. I wrote her every single day that I could without feeling like an idoit. I thought about her every second I was in class, and the moment I got a letter from her meant more to me than anything I had ever felt in my life. In short, I was an idiot. I acted really stupid and did stupid things for her and in the end when she met someone she really liked and started seeing him, I was heartbroken.

Maybe a little more than heartbroken. It's hard to look back on it with clarity because at the time I was experiencing the lowest feeling I had ever known. But since then I've been worse. But at the time I was so miserable and yes it was childish, and yes it was nothing compared to real pain, and yeah, I'm a big dork, but I spent days crying about it, alone in my room, listening to my only tape (The Doors Greatest Hits) over and over when I wasn't at school.

I started keeping my first Journal, or rather, the only Journal I ever kept but since then it has just gotten more segmented and longer. I wrote everything that I felt. At first, it was just a stack of papers that, when my mom found them, got me into counseling for "suicidal behavior and possible drug use." I was using a drug regluarly then, but everything in this story has it's place, as does that. When I re-read my own journal now, yeah, I was a little on the down side. But I was never suicidal. Or, at least, never capable.

But that journal was where my real writing came from. What you see here is a direct descendant of my journal writing style, just telling it how it was, or is, or how I wish it was. I wrote everything in there, just like I've written about most important things that affect me in here. My journal was where I learned how to articulate those feelings that we all have that we can't completely write off in a full sentance. It's where I learned who I really am, and even though I have changed quite a bit over the years I've always kept track of myself with that journal.

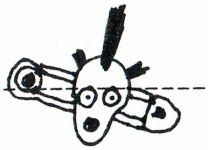
The fourth thing that happened was that my first crush introduced me to the joys of nighttime coffee adventures on our first date, and that has stimulated and assisted my writing at every step of my life from that day on.

All of those things might not make much sense in the long run, but it helps me see where I've come from and where I'm going with this publication, and in that context it allows me to re-evaluate what the future hold for me and my writing. In the long run, this is always going to be a free-format publication where I can try different things, and the ultimate product will always be under my guidance. It doesn't help to have writer's block when that kind of format is the rule, but at least it gives me a chance to go where I want to go and do what I want to.

The drugs issue was a chance to try to get some pertinant stories out that I've heard or been told or participated in. From the sounds of it, one might consider Eugene to be a drug-oriented town, and to a degree you are right. Everyone I've ever met has something to say about drugs, be it for them, against them, funny or scary. I myself have very mixed feelings about the subject, and though I have endulged myself far too much to be against them, I don't want to come off as a, "Drugs can enrich your life if you try them," kind of person. I guess what I was trying to accomplish was a catch-all subject that anyone could write about so I'd get a lot of submissions. What ended up happening was a lot of promises and few acutal carry-throughs. Oh well, time to try something new.

The :"Punk Is..." issue is just that, a chance to share some thoughts on what punk is for my circle of scene makers here in Eugene. It seems so cliche now, because the entire history of 'zines have been oriented around punk, and everywhere you look you can hear, "Blah blah blah PUNK this, blah blah blah PUNK that." But most of what I have planned will (hopefully) not fall into the standard category, unless non-punk PUNK is the new trend, in which case, skip next issue.

So I guess I found it a little easier to write after all. Thanks for helping out.



Next Issue: Various Opinions Regarding what "Punk Is..."

CONTAINS

STONE

AGGREGATE.

IF

CONTENTS

EXPOSED,

DISCARD

CONTENTS.

I'd Buy That For A Dollar
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